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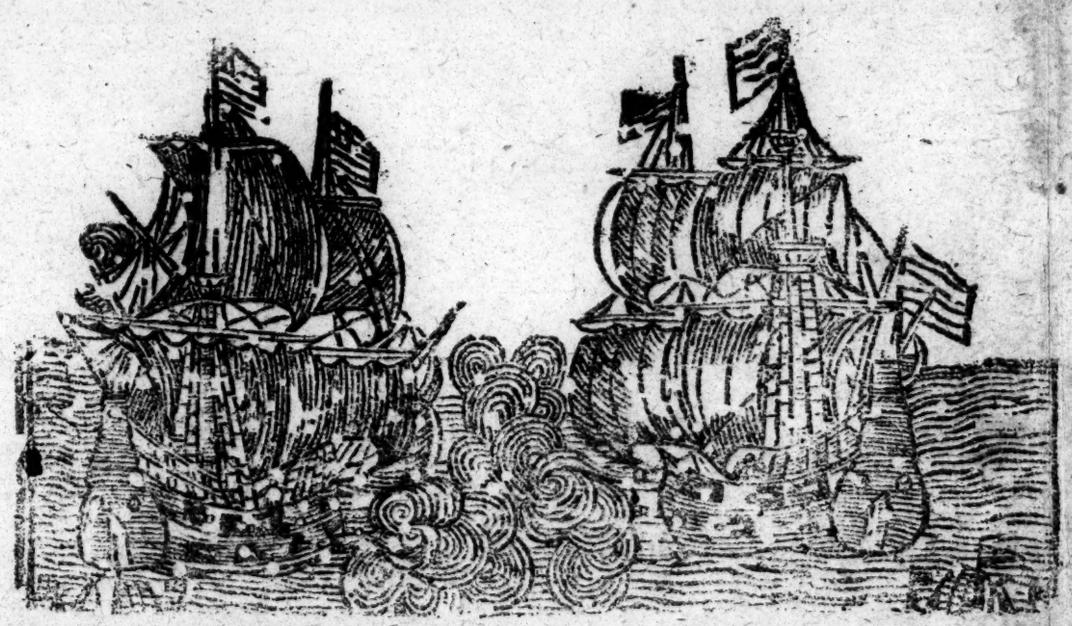
A Famous SEA-FIGHT
BETWEEN
Captain WARD *and the* RAINBOW.

To the Tune of, Captain *Ward*, &c.



STrike up you lusty gallants
with muſick and ſound of drume,
For we have deſcryed a Rover
upon the Sea is come,
His name is Captain Ward,
right well it doth appear,
There has not been ſuch a Rover
found out this thouſand year:

For he hath ſent unto the King,
the firſt of January,
Deſiring that he might come in
with all his company:

And if your King will let me come,
till I my tale have told,
I will beſtow for my ranſome
full thirty tun of gold.

O nay, O nay, then ſaid our King,
O nay, this may not be,
To yield to ſuch a Rover,
myſelf will not agree;
He hath deceiv'd the French man,
Like wiſe the King of Spain;
And how can he be true to me,
that has been falſe to main?

With that our King provided
a ſhip of worthy fame,
Rainbow is ſhe called,
if you would know her name;
Now the gallant Rainbow
ſhe rows upon the Sea,
Five hundred gallant Seamen
to bear her company.

The Dutch man and the Spaniard,
ſhe made them for to flye,
Alſo the bonny French man,
as ſhe met him on the Sea.
When as this gallant Rainbow
did come where Ward did lye,
Where is the Captain of this ſhip?
this gallant Rainbow did cry.

O that am I, ſays Captain Ward,
there's no man bids me lye;
And if thou art the King's fair ſhip,
thou art welcome unto me.
I'll tell thee what, ſays Rainbow,
our King is in great grief,
That thou ſhouldſt lye upon the Sea,
and play the arrant thief,

And will not let our merchants ſhips
paſs as they did before;
Such tydings to our King is come,
which grieves his heart full ſore.
With that this gallant Rainbow
ſhe ſhot out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant braſs pieces,
charged on every ſide.

And yet theſe gallant ſhooters
prevailed not a pin,
Though they were by us on the outſide,
brave Ward was ſtill within:
Shoot on, ſhoot on, ſays Captain Ward,
your ſport well pleaſeth me,
And he hath not firſt given over,
he'll yield unto the Sea.

I never wrong'd an Engliſh ſhip,
but Turk and King of Spain,
And the jovial Dutch men
as I met on the Main.
If I had known your King
but one two years before,
I would have ſav'd brave Eſſex life,
whoſe death did grieve me ſore.

Go tell the King of England,
go tell him thus from me,
If he reign King of all the Land,
I will reign King at Sea.
With that the gallant Rainbow ſhot,
and ſhot and ſhot in vain,
And left the Rover's company,
and return'd home again:

Our Royal King of England,
your ſhip's return'd again,
For Ward's ſhip is ſo ſtrong
it never will be tane.
O everlaſting ſays our King,
I have loſt jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the Seas,
and brought proud Ward to me:

The firſt was Lord Clifford,
Earl of Cumberland;
The ſecond was the Lord Mountjoy,
as you ſhall underſtand;
The third was brave Eſſex,
from field would never flee,
Which would a gone into the Seas,
and brought proud Ward to me.

Licenſed and Entered.

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